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NO DOUBT.

Cynthia (who tries to live elegantly in New York on \$4,000 a year): POOR OLD JOHN MINER, ALL HIS PROPERTY GONE, AND DYING IN A HOSPITAL!

"CALM YOURSELF, CYNTHIA. THE CHANCES ARE OLD JOHN IS DYING A LOT MORE COMFORTABLY THAN WE ARE LIVING."

"A PROFESSOR OF BOOKS."—EMERSON.

In glancing through one of the early volumes of Charles Dudley Warner's "Library of the World's Best Literature," we met, in the Emerson section, an extract from one of the sage's fine pages that ran in this wise:—

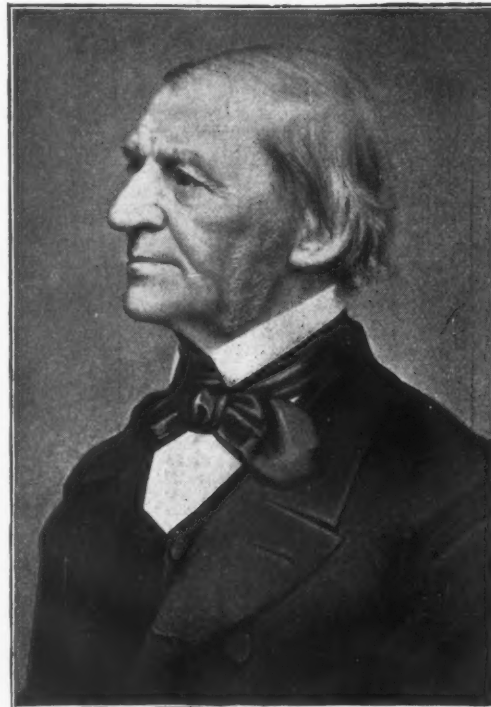
"Meantime the colleges, whilst they provide us with libraries, furnish us no professor of books; and I think no chair is so much wanted."

It is doubtful if any phrase could so happily describe at once the function and the achievement of Mr. Warner in his new and great work. He himself is essentially a "professor of books," although the charm of his work has tended to make us forget his wide and varied learning. And knowing not only books, but living writers and critics as well, Mr. Warner has gathered around him as advisers and aids other "professors of books," not men of the Dryasdust school, but those who possess the same salient charm and graphic power as himself.

The result of this remarkable literary movement has been to provide the great reading public, the busy public of ever scant leisure, with just what Emerson declared, more than half a century ago, we so much needed; namely, a guide to the best reading.

Emerson indeed likens a library of miscellaneous books to a lottery wherein there are a hundred blanks to one prize, and finally exclaims that "some charitable soul, after losing a great deal of time among the false books and alighting upon a few true ones, which made him happy and wise, would do a right act in naming those which have been bridges or ships to carry him safely over dark morasses and barren oceans into the heart of sacred cities, into palaces and temples."

This is precisely what Mr. Warner's new



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

library does in the fine, critical articles which preface the master-works of the greatest writers.

Exactly as the professor of chemistry or physics or astronomy or biology gives the student a view of the whole field of his science, the summary of its achievements, its great names and its great works, so Mr. Warner and his associates have given us the distillation not merely of the whole world's literature—in itself a colossal attempt—but, in addition, its history, biography and criticism as well. It is only when we grasp its full import that we realize the truly vast and monumental character of the Library. It must assuredly rank as one of the most notable achievements of the century.

The first edition of an important and costly work like the Library is indisputably the most valuable because printed from the new, fresh plates, thus bringing out both type and engravings with noticeable clearness and beauty. The superiority of first editions is best shown by the universal custom of publishers to demand more for them than for those issued later. But the publishers of Mr. Warner's Library have actually so reduced the price of their most valuable and desirable first edition that just at present it is obtainable for about half of the regular subscription price, and the additional privilege of easy monthly payments is also accorded.

These material concessions are made so as to quickly place a few sets in each community for inspection. But as only a few of these introductory sets from the much sought-after first edition now remain, it becomes necessary for readers who desire a particularly choice set of the work (and at about half price besides) to write at once for particulars to Harper's Weekly Club, 91 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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"I AM ENGAGED TO MARRY MISS HUNGERFORD, DAD."
 "CAN SHE SUPPORT A HUSBAND?"

A SLAM OF LIFE.

(Dedicated to the sons of their fathers, whom the Nation knows.)

SONS of great men do remind us
 We can make our own sublime;
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Son-spots on the sands of time.

What is greatness, if its merit
 Is to be for one alone,
 And the grand old father's spirit
 Must not reach unto the son?

What is wrong in such transmission?
 Why should not the Nation find
 In the coming sons' condition,
 What the fathers left behind?

All the sons are great, and therefore
 When they ask the Nation's aid
 To reward their service, wherefore
 Should the hand of State be stayed?

Theirs, perhaps, is but the story
 Of what they would like to do;
 But what of that? Each father's glory
 Was enough, at least, for two.

Let them, then, be up and doing,
 With an eye for anything
 That is half way worth pursuing,
 For the stuff that it will bring.

W. J. Lampton.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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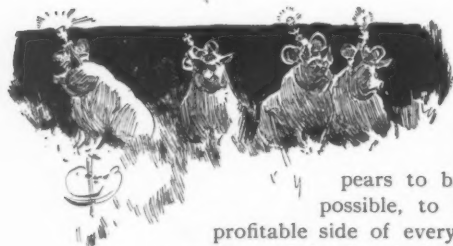


OUR sympathies are all with Greece in her war with Turkey. We want the Greeks to win because they seem the weaker party, because they

have shown excellent pluck in daring to jump in and have at Turkey without asking leave,

and because they are nominally Christians, and we have faith in their sort of civilization. Whereas we feel pretty generally that the Turks as a nation are scandalous and insufferable, and that their government is a discredit to the century which we honor by living in it.

So long as the Greeks appear to be getting the better of this war we shall enjoy it. But if the Turks should presently begin to use the Greeks up, we are all prepared to be immensely scandalized that the cowardly Powers should permit such an outrage. Moreover, we have faith to believe that the Powers, or some of them, won't permit it, and much faith it takes when we consider of what sort, and how prodigiously selfish, the Powers are.



MODERN governments are not heroic. That seems not to be their business. The business of a modern government ap-

pears to be just as greedy as possible, to keep on the most

profitable side of every controversy, never to get into a fight that it is safe to keep out of, never to yield to emotion unless something is offered which seems worth yielding for, and never to be blinded by sentiment unless it is expedient to overlook something. People, individually and collectively, are often heroic; and sometimes, when there are enough of them, they carry their governments along with them. But governments, if left to themselves, don't spend either time or money in miscellaneous philanthropy. The

instinct of self-preservation is the only strong instinct governments have, and the government in which that instinct is most abnormally developed seems to be regarded as the best.

Poor things; they have no souls, and we must not expect too much of them.



A REMARKABLE thing has happened at Yale. A valuable athlete named Simpson, in an advanced state of training for the university crew, has shown something very like independent temper. He has expressed his disbelief in his ability to satisfy the trainer, Mr. Cook, and declines to make any further effort. For a number of years past the understanding at New Haven has been that every man who could row was to row until

Mr. Cook directed him to stop. Now, all of a sudden, this person Simpson, a senior, angered apparently by something, suddenly shows human feelings and says, "I won't!" It will be interesting to learn what punishment will be devised for him. Tar and feathers are much too good for a Yale man who hesitates to sacrifice his individualism, or even his self-respect, to Yale success.



THERE are, probably, more foolish women in New York than in Boston, because New York is a bigger place, but somehow one gets the idea from diligent reading of newspapers that the foolish women of Boston seem to stand out even more conspicuously than those of this town. It may not be that their folly is absolutely greater, but it is more disproportionate to the size of the place. Now that New York is about to be Greater New York, we are entitled to individuals of a more egregious folly than any town except London. But Boston crowds us hard. There seem to be one or two Boston dames who really ought to be induced to spend the rest of their lives in Europe, merely to relieve Boston society of the imputation that they represent and lead it.

LET us waste no regrets on the Ellsworth bill for the suppression of newspaper pictures, which failed to pass the Legislature. It was not fit to become a law. It might have suppressed some evils, but it would have done so at much too great cost. The agitation for it has done some good, for the newspaper picture nuisance is not nearly as bad as it was four months ago. The new journalism has really been scared into something like proper behavior, and the threat of the Ellsworth bill has helped to scare it.



ALMOST, BUT NOT QUITE.

"HAS YOUR AUNT'S WILL BEEN ADMITTED TO PROBATE YET?"

"NO. THERE IS SO MUCH TROUBLE ABOUT THE PESKY THING THAT I ALMOST WISH AUNT HAD NEVER DIED"

OUR FRESH-AIR FUND.

ONCE again LIFE presents himself to his readers, not in the posture of a humble mendicant, but as the happy medium through whom it may be the privilege and pleasure of all who read to engraft into the hearts of the little children a real ray of summer sunshine. The privilege of giving is not exclusive, but embraces all, the millionaire as well as the middleman. The more money you give, the more children we can reach. But do not forget that every three dollars sends a child to LIFE's farm for two weeks.

| | |
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| Balance from last year..... | \$123 78 |
| October 2, 1896. Collected by Helen at Oakhill, Hagerstown, Md..... | 2 47 |
| October 5, 1896. In Memory of Margaret | 5 00 |
| Flushing, Long Island..... | 12 00 |
| January 4, 1897. Proceeds of an entertainment at Wilkesbarre, Pa., by seven little girls: Leigh Ricketts, Frances Chapman, Dorothy E. Dickson, Leila Sterling, Esther Stearns, Helen Leavenworth and Edith Reynolds..... | 16 65 |
| March 29, 1897. Proceeds of a children's fair gotten up by Lois Nutting, a little friend of LIFE's Fresh Air Fund..... | 2 00 |
| April 13, 1897. A. F. B..... | 6 00 |
| April 17, 1897. A Newport subscriber..... | 25 00 |

\$192 90

Expenses from Oct. 15, 1896, \$200 00

Debit balance..... \$7 10

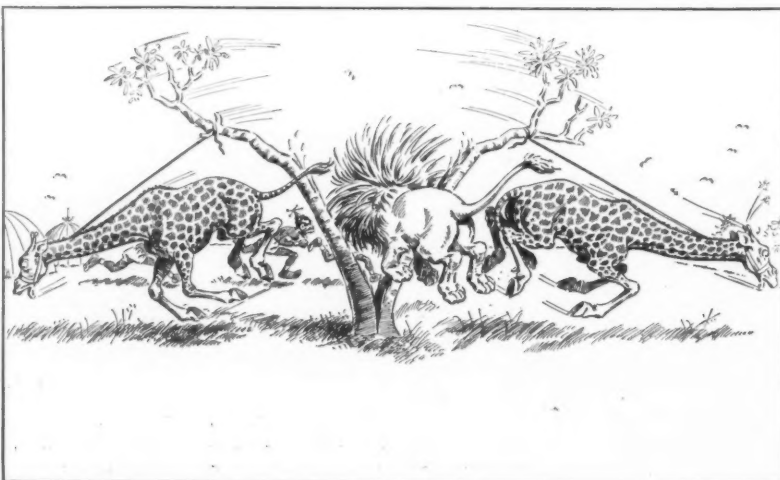
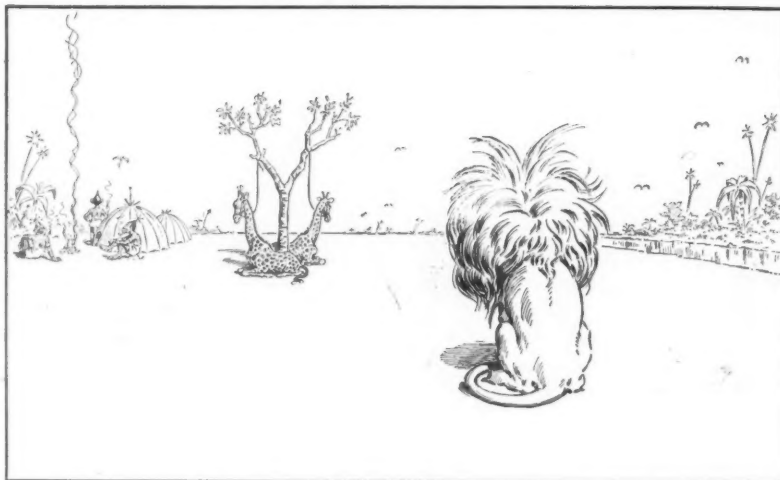
BOOKSINESS

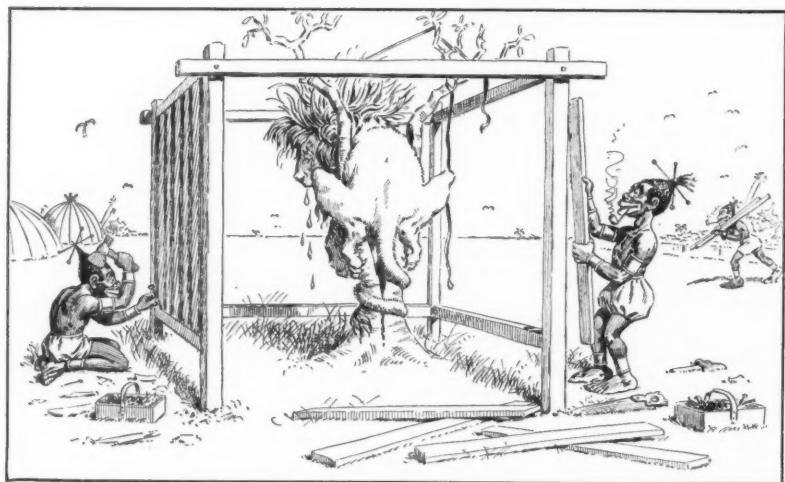
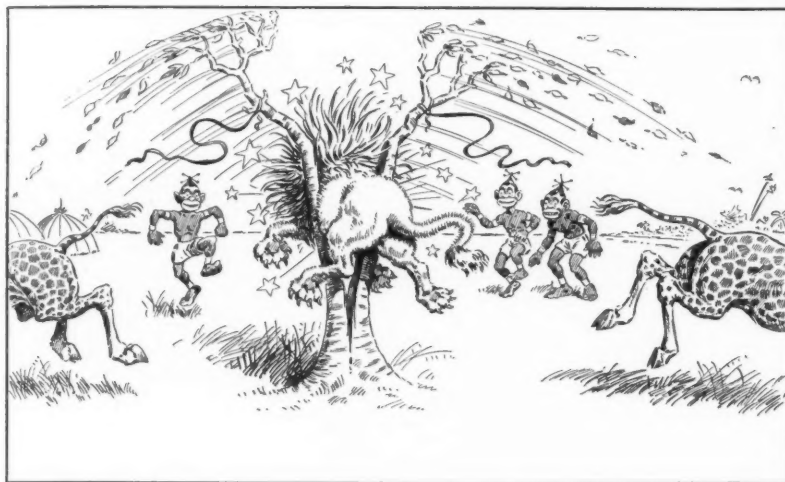
REAL WAR AND BLOODY FICTION.

WILL the reality of War increase or diminish the popularity of fiction of the Bloody School? With slaughter and bloodshed occurring every day in both hemispheres, and the newspapers reeking with descriptions of carnage, will the man who reads for pleasure still have any appetite left for Doyle, Kipling, Weyman, Hope or Crane in their savage moods?

It is a very pretty problem in the psychology of the imagination. The world had been having such a peaceful time, dawdling along in the flowery paths of literature, art and commercial prosperity, and writing gentle little books of superfine analysis, when Stevenson and Weyman broke the still air with some cries of good old-fashioned fighting. For five or six years the din of battle in fiction has been increasing. A novel without a fight in it has been in danger of condemnation for "weakness" or over-analysis. Blood and strength

HOW THE TABLES WERE TURNED.





have become synonyms in the terminology of criticism. * * *

AND now there is said to be quite a pretty race across Europe of a handful of these novelists who have been dreaming battles, in order that they may for the first time actually witness what they have so eloquently described.

It is to be hoped that the reality will not disappoint their ideals. If Mr. Kipling sees any prettier battle than the one he described in "The Drums of the Fore and Aft" he will be lucky, and the *London Times* will be glad that it sent him out to see it. But where will he ever find a Greek or Turkish *Mulvaney*? And without him fighting will be pretty serious business. I hope Mr. Kipling got there in time to see old Hafiz Pasha ride out at the head of his troops, though eighty-three years old, and refuse to go back when twice wounded. The third shot put him out like a candle, and that was the death of a hero!

When he gets back and begins to work it all over in his mind, what fun Kipling will have in writing ballads with those criss-cross Greek names! It is the best chance since Homer—though Byron took a shy at it. * * *

IT ought to be whispered with caution, but LIFE is forced to believe that within a year the reading public will be so sick of Bloody fiction that they won't look at it. When the pendulum swings the other way, it is probable that the novel of sentiment—decent, old-fashioned sentiment, founded on well-regulated affections, with a fine substratum of patriotism and piety in it—will have a show. It will seem very quiet and soothing and genuine for a while, and then it will begin to puff itself up with cant and hypocrisy and drivel.

Then the people will cry out, "If this be Peace in Fable-Land, give us War!" What they really want all the time is simply a change—good or bad. *Droch.*

HIS PROGRESS.

"THEY said he used to be a burglar, and now he is in the gas business."

"Who knows? Some day he may be a member of the New York State Legislature."

COMBINED.

BOBBIE: A boy called me a liar to-day, but you told me never to fight and so I ran away.

BINGO: That's right, Bobbie, but are you sure that was the reason?

"Yes, sir. That and the size of the boy."



Aunt: THERE IS YOUR FAVORITE, MR. COBALT, WHO PAINTED MY PORTRAIT. I'M SURE ONE WOULD NEVER IMAGINE HIM A MAN OF SO MUCH ABILITY.

"AND STILL, DEAR AUNT, HE SEEMS A MAN WHO WOULD NOT FALTER AT ANY *big* UNDERTAKING."

LIFE'S OFFER.

WHAT ARE THE TEN BEST SHORT POEMS?



MANY inquiries have reached this office with regard to what length a short poem may properly be. As we stated in our last issue, this question is left entirely to the judgment of the contestants, it being impossible to frame a definition which would correctly set a boundary to the number of lines in a short poem. For the information of the doubtful, however, and without prejudice, it is LIFE's private opinion that a short poem consists of one idea complete in its expression, and which

can be read in a brief interval of time. Many short poems can be found in the longer flights of the poets. Among short poems not incorporated in a longer narrative, "Annabel Lee," by Poe, or "At the Churchgate," by Thackeray, may be given as fair examples.

Send in your list as early as possible to "Pegasus," in care of LIFE.

Not more than one list will be considered from each competitor, and this should in each case be accompanied by the correct name and address of the sender.

The competition closes July 1st, no lists being considered after that date.

To the fortunate one whose list of the ten best short poems in the

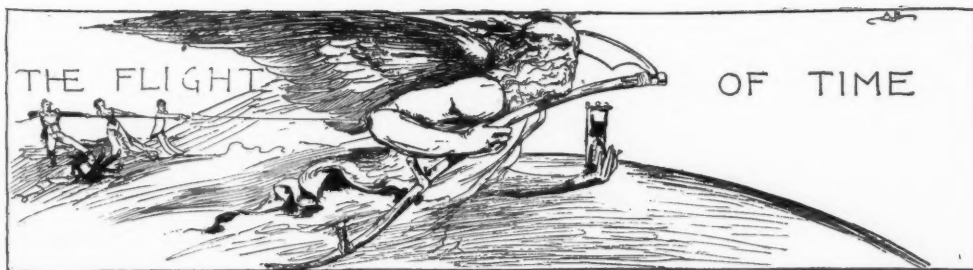
English language comes nearest to the popular verdict, will be sent a beautiful half-tone signed original by T. K. Hanna, Jr., framed in gilt, size twenty by thirty inches, value \$125.

THE BENT SHOW: A bicycle parade.

LACKING.

I TOLD her in passionate measure
That my love was her own completely;
She smiled, with a sorrowful pleasure,
And said to me, slowly and sweetly:
"Your love is my own completely;
Alas! that so soon I must spurn it,"
She said to me, slowly and sweetly,
"I haven't the heart to return it."

Percy Louis Shaw.



ON MOVING.

THE first of May is not moving day for everyone who moves. More movers move nowadays in October; but tradition does not yield immediately to custom, and traditionally the first of May is moving day. When people in the country move, it is for a serious reason: because the bottom has fallen out of something; because the mortgage has been foreclosed at last; because the proportion between births and funerals in the family has gone wrong; or because the rising generation thinks it has noticed that folks who live in town have more money to spend and fewer chores to attend to than folks who live in the country. People who move for reasons of that sort are as likely to start at one time as another. What fixes the date for them is an offer for the farm. The contemporary May-day, garnished with moving vans, is a city affair.

SOME degree of restlessness is an inevitable incident of spring. People want to do something different and have some new sensation. In the country there are changes constantly under observation that help to appease this desire. The roads are tremendously muddy, then they dry up a bit; green things begin to show; brown earth, as the snow leaves it finally bare, gives out an odor which is sweet in human nostrils; daily events follow: a warm rain melts drifts away and turns the grass from brown to green; the buds swell, the pussy-willows show fur; flowers that bloom on the edge of the snow come out; bulbs make demonstration; the pink tips of peonies push up through the wet leaves that have covered them; daisies pop out unexpectedly, and the first one knows there is a dandelion in bloom. All these little incidents catch the observer's attention and help to pacify him. A little change of some sort is brought to his door every morning. He has only to stay where he is and let variety come to him.

BUT of course an urban environment is

incapable of so many modifications. To be sure, an enormous crop of spinning bicycles rushes into ready made bloom the first spring day, and the parks grow green and lovely, and the girls' new hats make a difference, and the flower store windows are harder than ever to pass by; but somehow these differences do not bring repose to the soul of the man who is a real man, or make him satisfied to stay where he is. Some vexatious instinct or other gets to work in him. He feels the need of putting in a crop of some sort, or of going fishing—of doing something quite different from what he has done all winter. Usually he can't. It is too soon for a vacation. The town is not hot nor nearly ripe to be abandoned. If his restlessness festers in him, and if he has lived where he happens to be living long enough to appreciate all the disadvantages of it, and if his wife knows of some other lair which seems alluring and the perils of which are untested, it is possible that if his lease is up he may move.

HAPPILY for the stability of families, there is a good deal to keep him where he is. There is the *vis inertia*, for one thing, always particularly strong in the spring; nearly strong enough, indeed, to offset the desire to do something different. And then there is experience. People who have moved before and have not bettered themselves are

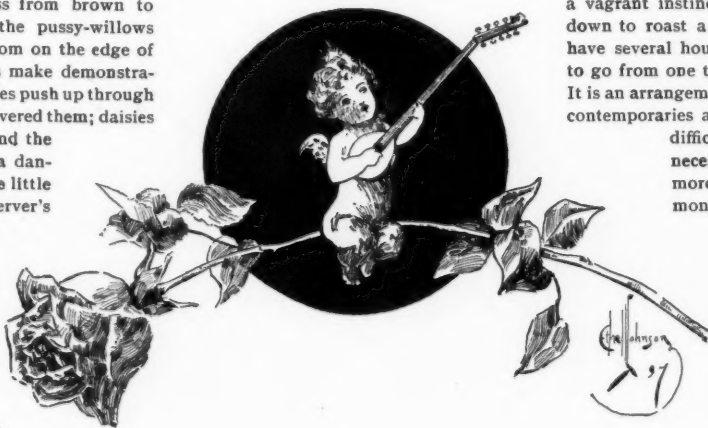
apt to be chary of swapping the ills they know, and folks who have bettered themselves are usually content to stay bettered. And besides, there are leases; and all leases do not expire in May. They are more apt in these days to run out in October, a change which, no doubt, is largely due to the desire of thoughtful people, landlords as well as tenants, to protect themselves against the vagrant influences of springtime. If tenants move in May it may be the result of an impulse born of a sniff of unruly air late in March. But if the lease does not expire in May, one's March impulses must be barren of results, and the move, if it does come, will come in October, and have serious, sober reasons and purposes back of it.

A RESTRICTION in vagrancy that is even more effectual than an October lease is to own one's house. People who own their houses are like bugs skewered by pins and fastened to the wall. They are permanent. The condition of their existence saves them from themselves, but it limits the scope of their plans. It is almost too permanent a condition for this world. Property collects dreadfully in a house that one owns, but people who move often keep their accumulations within bounds.

AFTER all, moving is a makeshift and a poor one, and to move merely to satisfy a vagrant instinct is like burning a house down to roast a pig. The true way is to have several houses, variously situated; and to go from one to another as nature directs. It is an arrangement which very many of our contemporaries are able to make, the chief difficulty about it being that it necessitates the possession of a more or less complete set of money, and that is something the common run of us will never have.

E. S. Martin.

TEACHER: Who was Joan of Arc?
BRIGHT BOY: Noah's wife.









POPULAR EXPRESSION—"A FOXY MOVE."



THE WANING SEASON.

THE idiosyncracies of Mr. Augustin Daly are interesting. He is the last surviving manager. All the other managers is a Kosher syndicate. The syndicate managers is simply a money-making machine without soul to be lost, idiosyncracies to be interesting, or anything to be kicked at except its absolute disregard of dramatic art. They hasn't even a singular or plural number except the singular Mr. Charles Frohman who, with his singular modesty, permits his name to stand as a sort of "In Hoc Signo Vincas" (for instance, "The Sign of the Cross") to encourage persons with ready money to try their luck as theatrical speculators.

The idiosyncracies of Mr. Daly are interesting, not only because he is the only surviving manager, but on account of their great variety. The public never knows in what particular way they are going to turn. Shakespearian production seems a favorite direction, and that small surviving remnant of the public which loves The Bard has been highly gratified thereby, much as it may have feared the consequences to Mr. Daly's purse. Then come pantomime, light opera, melo-

drama, anything you will which is susceptible of artistic rendering. This last admirable quality is one which has to be credited to everything that Mr. Daly does. Within the resources at his command he gives his productions the best possible setting as regards people and accessories. It is said that he is a martinet, but, unlike most martinets, he gets results. He makes mistakes—for which he pays—but he stands to-day the only manager in America who can show a record of artistic successes for which the manager is responsible.

Mr. Daly's latest idiosyncrasy is the importation of musical pieces which have been successful in London. "The Geisha" has helped his managerial fortunes, and "The Circus Girl," which is of something the same character, bids fair to catch the popular fancy. It is not in any respect up to the standard of "The Geisha," although it is of higher grade than any of the summer pieces at the New York theatres. Some of its musical numbers are very dainty, and show the tendency of the contemporary score-writer in England to get back to the early musical forms which Sir Arthur Sullivan has imitated so well. The cast is far from strong, vocally or dramatically, and can be easily improved. The piece is reminiscent of "A Night at the Circus," in which Miss Nellie McHenry has starred for several seasons, but its reproduction of a circus green-room is on a considerably higher plane of humor.

The fate of "The Circus Girl" at Daly's Theatre may be doubtful, but with tobacco-smoking and cooling drinks as accompani-

ments, it would be highly successful in New York this summer.

* * *

MISS ANNIE RUSSELL has always been pathetic and interesting. As *Betty Fondacre*, in "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle" at the Lyceum, she is humorous and entertaining. The play is a frothy bit by Madeleine Lucette Ryley, with laughable complications more original than those which come to us through the hands of playwrights who adapt French farces for the American stage. Mr. Joseph Holland is the jealous lover who gets his fiancée and himself into numerous ludicrous situations.

"The Mysterious Mr. Bugle" is best criticised and described in the words of a contemporary comedian: "It is to laugh."

Metcalfe.

LOCATED.

TEACHER (some time in the future): Where is New York State?

PUPIL: In the extreme southern corner of the Greater New York.

PREFERRED HIS PRESENT STATE.

VISITOR: I suppose, Bobbie, you are looking forward to the day when you will be a big man like your father.

BOBBIE: I don't know. I'm in no hurry to being bulldozed all the time by a woman.



SCENE FROM A POPULAR TRAGEDY.

Chorus of Shades: LET US RETURN TO EARTH AND JOIN OUR SEVERED LIMBS AND FAMILIES.

President of Metropolitan Traction Co. as Richard III.: OH, GIVE ME A LITTLE MORE TIME AND THEY'LL ALL BE WITH YOU!

THE DECADENTS.

THE decadent in art and literature is a revival, not a birth; a recrudescence rather than a renaissance.

Decadence is filth as a fine art.

The decayed, or effluvious, school of literature was discovered in Paris, and anything emanating from the American paradise is popular, even though we use smelling bottles and disinfectants in handling it. The school

later set up a branch office in London, descending gracefully from the nasty to the filthy. The English trademark gave it vogue among our refined and educated classes. The French yellow novel always disgusted and irritated our moral leaders; it was shockingly indecent, and was printed in a foreign language they did not understand. The English School filled a long-felt want in New York, though its work was tabooed in the Tenderloin. The opposition was purely commercial; our

American industries are intolerant of foreign competition. From London the cult came to New York. The early arrivals sneaked timidly by the quarantine station. After naturalization the school blossomed ruggedly into a literature as yellow and charmingly putrid as any in Europe, despite the opposition of its great rival, the *New York World*. The Decadent School opened up a new highway to fame for litterateurs who, while unfamiliar with English and unhampered with ideas, had taken a post-graduate course in sou-brettes, music halls and kindred studies.

THE decadent is the inventor of the modern epigram, and has issued an epigrammar for students of the cult. The decadent epigram is an ordinary proverb with curvature of the spine. For instance, "When the wine's in the wife's out," "To the pure all things are putrid," "Eat, drink and be night-marey," are fine samples. In the mouth of a bold, bald man, who can insult people dashingly, these brilliants take society by storm and establish an enviable reputation for wit.

When the decadent has written something that the garbage collectors will grab and the Board of Health assail, he knows he has achieved success. There is a frankness about

our indecency and filth, a freshness in our assaults on morals and matrimony, that render the London School as green with envy as their own carnation. Of course we have not yet reached the nicety of Paris, but in time we may be able to dish up a literary carrion crow, and convince society that its flavor is equal to woodcock.

* * *

DECADENCE in art is quite another matter; it is a question of imagination, not of morals. Its best form is impressionism, and is designed to furnish a reserved seat in Valhalla for artists who draw like a Maeterlinck tragedy and paint like a man illuminating a borough. A canvas is secured and smeared with colors; tickets for the raffle are distributed among the disciples and prizes bestowed on the genius who guesses what it is. The acute disciple eschews the canvas, studies mind-reading, and explores the impressionist to snare his idea—if he have one. Impressionist lotteries are always exciting. A canvas that in Boston may be "Napoleon Reviewing McClure's Life," may be "A Hungarian Sunset" in New York, or "The Death of Sitting Bull" in Chicago. The charm of impressionism is its elusiveness; it broadens art and stimulates curiosity; it makes a place in art for



all; it is upward and outreaching, and shows that paresis was not made in vain. Several of our most eminent impressionists have graduated from the ateliers of famous sign-painters; that class of work cramped their genius; they despised mere form and regularity.

* * *

NO art is so daring and comprehensive as impressionism. A portrait in impression is not necessarily a likeness; it aims to produce mental, not physical characteristics. We do not look for bunions on an intellectual feat. The old masters were never able to place on imperishable canvases portraits indicating "Indigestion," "Malaria," "Mental Decay," etc., etc. This is impression's great triumph. By the simple expedient of labeling the frame, we make the canvases interchangeable, and posterity knows whether it is gazing on a portrait or a landscape, a caucus or a Spanish battle.

Decadence in literature and art is the outcome of that glorious craving of our common human nature to wear unearned laurels; to sit with the gods in Olympus and ask them riddles; to feel that the flea under the right microscope is as big as the elephant; to receive ten dollars' worth of applause for ten cents' worth of achievement.

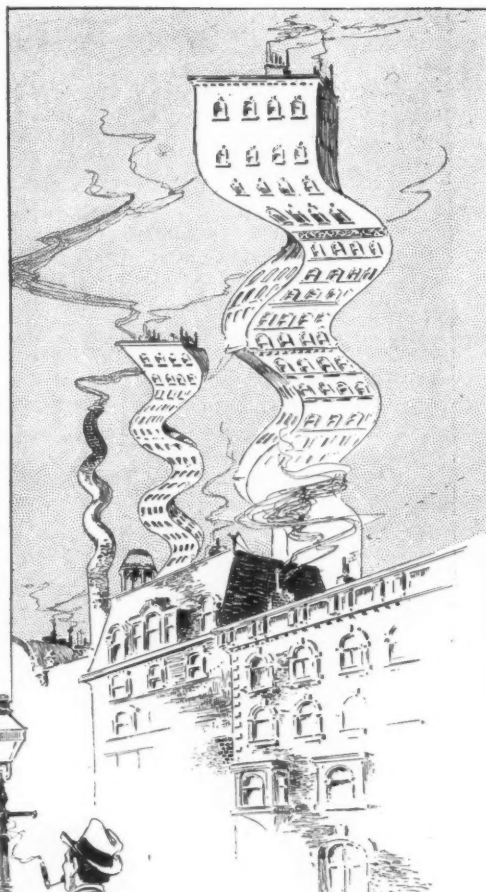
And yet—and yet! There are people who have merely studied long and worked hard to achieve success, who

prefer cleanliness and sanity to dirt and decay, who meanly seek to detract from the splendid achievements of the apostles of rot and rottenness, daub and drivel. Oh, envious human nature!

Joseph Smith.

THE *Evening Post* has looked over "Life's Comedy" and seems unable to find as much in it to praise as it would like. It admits the cleverness of the artists, but finds the legends under the pictures "cynical and worldly," and as for the illustrations themselves, it "cannot think the influence of them year after year on the readers of LIFE anything but unwholesome."

It is too bad about those legends, since, if they are amiss, they must hurt the *Post's* readers as much as LIFE's, for the *Post* has copied them pretty regularly into its joke column these dozen years past. True enough, the pictures are unwholesome, but that is a trick of the trade, whereof the motive is to excite a morbid appetite which shall insist on being satisfied at any cost. The *Post* ought to understand that. What readers could it depend upon at nine dollars a year, if year after year it had not cultivated in a certain number of minds a morbid taste for its caustic and querulous deliverances? The *Post* is a daily witness of how indispensable the unwholesome may become to minds intelligently perverted.



"SO THE VAN SHIFTS ARE GOING TO HAVE A HORSELESS CARRIAGE?"

"YES, THEY'VE SOLD THEIR HORSES."

IN THE WEST.

Native: THAT'S OUR NEW ANTI-WHIRLWIND CONSTRUCTION. NO RESISTANCE TO THE AIR, YOU SEE.



NOT ENOUGH.

THEY say she is a poem—
Quite likely that may be;
I find unto my sorrow
She is averse to me.

McLandburgh Wilson



ONE morning lately the representative came to his office with a sniffling cold in his head, and the first letter he dictated was to his wife at home—a delight, by the way, he indulged in every day, whatever may be said of congressmen in general—in which he told her that wing to the fact that he had slept the night before in a draught and the wind had blown through his pajamas, he had caught a pretty severe cold. The word "pajamas" was a new one for the typewriter, and he stalled at it.

"How do you spell that word, sir?" he inquired.
"P-a-j-a-m-a-s," spelled the representative slowly, and added: "Didn't you ever have to write it before?"

"No, sir."
"In that case, I'll bet you a dollar you don't know what it means."

"I don't bet, sir," he hesitated, "but I guess I know what it means."

"Well, what is it?"
"It's French for whiskers," and the representative, with the kindness of his heart, smiled sweetly and told the young man he had guessed it the very first time.

—Washington Star.

Two Turks were at a French banquet. Towards the conclusion of the feast a Frenchman selected a tooth-pick from the tray near him, and politely passed the tray on to his neighbor, who, however, peremptorily declined the offer, exclaiming: "No, thank you! I have already eaten two of the accursed things, and I want no more!"—Argonaut.

"What did she say when you ventured to kiss her?"
"She said, 'Stop right where you are!'"

—Indianapolis Journal.

SHERIDAN once had occasion to call at a hairdresser's to order a wig. On being measured, the barber, who was a liberal soul, invited the orator to take some refreshment in an inner room. Here he regaled him with a bottle of port and showed so much hospitality that Sheridan's heart was touched. When they rose from the table and were about separating, the latter, looking the barber full in the face, said: "On reflecting, I don't intend that you shall make my wig." Astonished, and with a blank visage, the other exclaimed: "Good heavens, Mr. Sheridan! How can I have displeased you?" "Why, look you," said Sheridan, "you are an honest fellow, and I repeat it, you sha'n't make my wig, for I never intended to pay for it. I'll go to another less worthy son of the craft."—Exchange.

A SHORT time ago, an old lady went on board Nelson's flagship, the "Victory." The different objects of interest were duly shown to her, and on reaching the spot where the great naval hero was wounded (which is marked by a raised brass plate) the officer remarked:

"Here Nelson fell."
"And no wonder!" exclaimed the old lady. "I nearly fell there myself."—London Answers.

MISTRESS: This steak is done too much, Mary.
MAID: Not too much for me, mum.
"But I hire you to cook for me, not for yourself."
"Ye think ye do, mum."—Boston Transcript.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again," quoted the earnest man. "True," replied Senator Sorghum; "but, in many cases, not until after the referee has counted ten."—Washington Star.



CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK.

Martha Washington. By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton.

A Story-Teller's Pack. By Frank R Stockton.

Lyrics. By John R. Tabb. Boston: Copeland and Day. London: John Lane.

I ONCE spent a week on Scotland Lightship, near the entrance to New York Harbor. The assistant keeper was in charge, and he was nearly stone deaf. He had not been ashore for three months, and even a newspaper came to him only by chance from time to time, when a pilot-boat stopped by on her way out of the harbor. From sunrise until nine o'clock at night he did little else but sit on a hatchway, smoking an old pipe and gazing reflectively at the great harbor receiving and dismissing its thousands of vessels. One day he asked me to use my influence to get him transferred to Cape Cod. I asked him why he wished the change. "Well," said he, seriously, "I want a quieter station; it's too lively here; I want to be where there is less going on."

—St. Nicholas.

"LET me see," mused the sporting editor. "What is an incubator?"

"An incubator," replied the agricultural editor, "is an egg plant."—Chicago Tribune.

"—Never attained to man's estate? You surprise me. Why, I understood he lived to an advanced age."

"He did; but he never had any property that wasn't in his wife's name."—Detroit Journal.

"GENTLEMEN of the jury," said a lawyer the other day, "there were thirty-six hogs. Remember the fact—just three times as many as in the jury-box, gentlemen."

—Graphic.

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Patronize American Industries
—wear KNOX HATS.

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Who can think of some simple thing to patent?
Protect your ideas: they may bring you wealth.
Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1,800 prize offer and new list of one thousand inventions wanted.

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Prize Competition**

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BEST SHORT POEMS?

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A Popular Vote will be taken on this interesting subject by the readers of LIFE, and the one whose list of the Ten Best Poems in the English Language is nearest the combined judgment, according to all the lists sent in, will be awarded an original signed picture—beautifully framed in gilt. The name and address of each competitor must accompany each list, and not more than one list will be considered from any one individual. The competition will be closed on July 1st, no lists being considered after that date.

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Made in two sizes—a 5-cent cake, which is most suitable for nursery and toilet, and a larger cake for laundry and bathroom use.





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Swiss Violet Shaving Cream, 50 cts.
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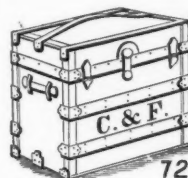
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GENUINE FARINA COLOGNE

Inferior products and spurious imitations are now being sold as "Farina Cologne," and so closely have the bottles and labels been copied that even dealers are deceived. The words, "gegenüber dem Julichs-Platz," have not been copied because they constitute the address of the great Farina distillery, "gegenüber dem Julichs-Platz" (opposite the Julichs Place).



Schiffelin & Co., New York, Sole Agents.

The Hartford Rubber Works Co. Hartford Conn.



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The Realized Dream of Perfection.

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BIRTH marks are unpleasant and sometimes disfiguring. Dermatologist Woodbury, 127 W. 42d St., N. Y., removes birthmarks and all facial blemishes painlessly. Send 10c. for Beauty Book and sample of either Woodbury's Facial Soap or Facial Cream.





"MRS. SAVER must feel that she was very extravagant in buying that new gown."

"What makes you think so?"

"She's begun to argue that it will be the cheapest in the end."

—Chicago Journal.

AN Irish gentleman was dining out the other night, when somebody insulted the Queen. The gallant and loyal Irishman was on his feet in an instant. "Sir," said he to the culprit, "the duello is not now in fashion, but if you had made that remark fifty years ago, I would call you out to-morrow morning!"

—Wave.

BESS: You could hardly call her a social success.

JESS: Why, she seems to have plenty of admirers.

"Oh, yes, if you look at it in that way, but I don't believe she's on friendly terms with a single man she ever rejected."—Chicago Journal.

AN old salt who navigates a bicycle when he is in port, was working a rapid passage down Cass Avenue the other day when he collided with a woman cyclist. After they had extricated themselves from the wreck he anticipated her outburst of anger, from which she could gather little except that he was sincerely sorry.

"I'm sure as I ought to be scuttled for it, mum," he said, rapidly, "but I couldn't get yer signals no more as if we was feelin' through a fog bank. I was blowin' for you to pass to the port and steerin' my course accordin'. Just as I was goin' to dip my pennant and salute proper, your craft refused to obey her rudder and you struck me for'ard. Afore I could reverse, your jibboom fouled my starboard mizzen riggin', your flowin' gown snarled up with my bobstay, blew out yer pneumatic, parted yer toppin' lift and carried away my jack-saddle down haul. As I listed I tried to jibe, but I capsized, keel up, and you flounderin' in the wreckage."

By this time there was an interested audience, and the girl was mentally debating whether she should run from a supposed lunatic or ask for an interpreter.

But Jack's head-piece was still in his hand; he was not through.

"I'm hopin' yer not enough damaged for the hospital," he went on, "but I'd be sunk if I wouldn't be glad to stand yer watch till you righted. This here little craft of yours will be as seaworthy as ever when her upper works is straightened out, and we get wind into her sails again. I'll just tow her down to the yard fur repairs."

And she smiled an assent.—Detroit Free Press.

A WOMAN from a fourth-story window called out to an old Jew peddler, who was toiling slowly along the street. "Vant me?" shouted the Jew. "Yes," shouted the woman back again; "come up here, mister!" The old man had little custom that day, so he hopefully mounted the long stairway. When he reached the top the woman emerged from one of the rooms, holding a howling youngster by the ear. "Mister," she said, tersely, "I've just called you up to Tommy. If he's a naughty boy won't you put him in your bag?"—Wave.

JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY was once showing a young American woman over the Houses of Parliament. In escorting her through the library of the Commons, he casually mentioned, as a more or less interesting fact, that it was against the rules for a woman to sit down there. "Is that really a law of the place?" asked the fair American. "That is so," answered McCarthy, gravely. "I hen," said his visitor, "you just see me break it," and, drawing up a chair, she sat resolutely down at the table.—Argonaut.

A GALLANT captain was called up by his colonel to explain his assaulting the sentry on his return to barracks after dinner on the previous night. The captain had forgotten the incident entirely. The sentry declared that the officer was evi'tently drunk. The captain's Irish soldier servant, however, emphatically protested that his master was sober. "How is it that you are so sure that he was sober?" asked the colonel. "Did he speak to you?" "He did, sorr." "What did he say?" "He tould me to be sure and call him early in the morning, sorr." "That seems all right," said the colonel; "and did—ah—did the captain say why he wished to be called early?" "He did, sorr. He said he was going to be Queen of May."—Wave.

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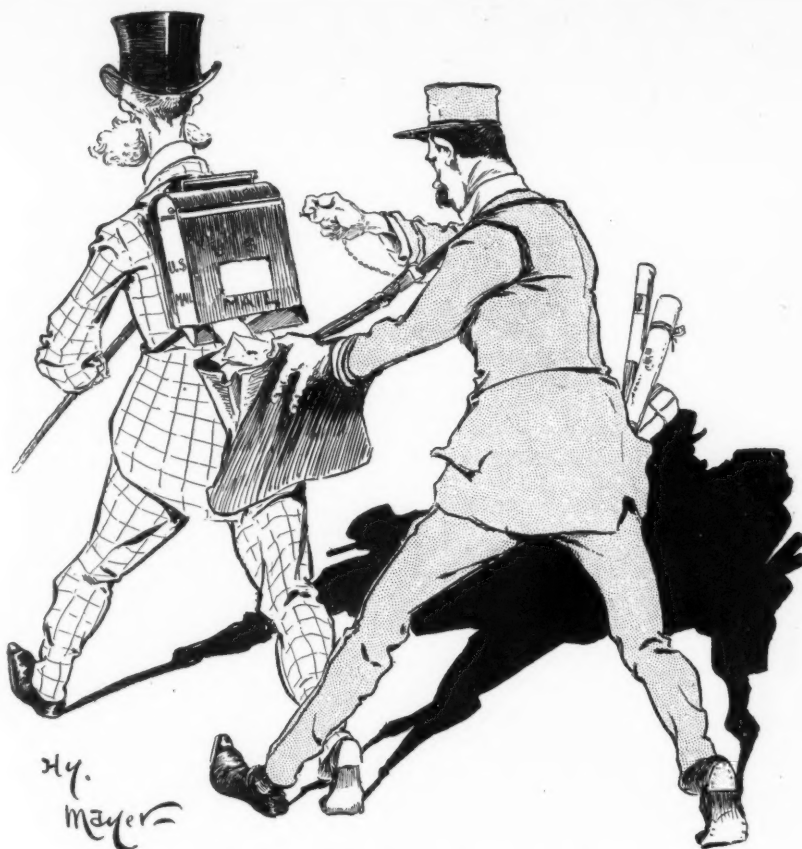
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—Indianapolis Journal.

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